

THIS IS THE DAY

When Atlanta Will Pay the Last Sad Tribute to Jeff Davis.

ADDRESS OF GOVERNOR FOSTER

And Other Touching and Interesting Exercises in New Orleans.

THE TRAIN HAS LEFT THAT CITY

And This Morning Will Reach the Capital of the Old Confederacy

WHERE THE BODY WILL LIE IN STATE.

Alabamians, Like Georgians, Will Pay Silent Homage to the Great Dead.

Arrangements in This City.

New Orleans, May 28.—(Special.)—Louisiana surrounded the clay of the ex-president of the confederate states today to the keeping of the escort that is to bear it to the Old Dominion State through a dozen southern commonwealths that will pay tribute to the memory of the departed leader as the casket is borne with rapidity to its destination. The ceremonies today were just a trifle more important than they were yesterday, but they were marked by an absence of enthusiasm and were as simple as the funeral of an humble citizen.

Barring the military display, a fringe of people lined the sidewalks and uncovered heads were the order of the day while the casket passed on its measured march to the train in waiting to receive the casket and bid the funeral party God speed as it started slowly from the depot on the river front.

All Saturday night a faithful guard of honor restlessly paced the polished floors of Memorial hall beside the bier of the dead president of a departed nation. Now and then during the quiet of the night a belated pedestrian timidly made his way into the hall and gazed respectfully at the rich old oaken casket, and then quietly slipped out.

These visits were few and far between and they only served to vary the monotony about the historical building. When day broke, however, the scene changed and a slender stream of humanity began to wind in and out of the hall, made up of every character of life, rich and poor, white and black, statesmen and citizens, the blue and gray. As the morning wore on and the churches filled with worshippers there was a lull, and as the afternoon grew apace the human current increased again, running in and out until the guards at the stone steps forbade any more to follow. During the day more floral offerings were received to be placed beside the bier. They were few in number, but each had a significance. From far away Mexico, Tex., there came a beautiful spray of natural flowers, still retaining their fragrance and freshness, and bearing a card that told of the affection of Johnson camp of Confederate veterans. From Augusta, Ga., Colonel Salem Dutcher brought a beautiful wreath of pale flowers, with the initials of the Confederate Survivors' Association. Bright red, and all the way from the home of Franklin Pierce, in New Hampshire, came a tiny bunch of May-flowers, gathered to be laid on the bier of the departed leader. Mr. Davis had been a member of the cabinet of President Pierce, and some one from far off New England sent a message of love to the south.

It was half-past 4 o'clock when the stream of visitors was checked. Only the gray-haired and gray-clad veterans who formed the guard and escort, public officials, distinguished visitors, the Davis family and those who had the right to be present remained in the hall when the ceremonies were about to begin. The narrow limits of the little building was not capable for much of a crowd, and many were denied the privilege of participating in the services around the bier. The veterans of the soldiers' home had filed by the coffin in single column and then retired to the sidewalk to march with their comrades behind the funeral car. The first of the distinguished visitors to arrive was Governor Foster.

He was too young to enter the war, but he is a southern man and southern bred, and cherished all the tender feelings of the south.

Governor Foster entered the hall leaning on the arm of General Stephen D. Lee, and behind came Lieutenant Governor Parlane and leading lights in the ranks of the veterans. They gathered on the platform, mingling with the Richmond committee, who were the confederate uniform in honor of the occasion. In a few minutes there was a parting of the ranks of the throng in the hall, and Miss Winnie Davis, leaning on the arm of Mr. Ambrose McGinnis, and followed by her sister, Mrs. Hayes, and the husband of the latter, passed up to the platform. Both ladies were dressed in black. Then the ceremonies began.

Governor Foster's Speech.

Governor Foster stepped forward beneath an arch of shrubbery, in a strong, clear voice spoke for Louisiana. His exclamation was:

Fellow Citizens—Scarcely four fleeting years have passed since love and duty called to this city representatives from every southern state in response to a universal meeting

of the people to bear testimony of their love and to do honor to the memory of our great and beloved chieftain and to moisten his grave with the sorrowing tears of the south, to which he was so dear. Today takes us back to that occasion, and how vividly do we recall the grief that swelled in every heart in that solemn procession, and how slowly and sluttily by to take a last loving and farewell look at the dead hero whose grave and revered brow the hand of Time had silvered with snow. Here mothers leading their children by the hands, pointed them to the president, already known to them in history, who eagerly looked on the face famous and passed on, little knowing the anguish wringing older hearts. Here, too, our dear old veterans—on whom heaven's blessings rest—with bowed heads moved slowly on, as memory's wand called up, as a panorama, the past in which they and the dead chieftain before them were living actors; scenes radiant with hope or black with despair; scenes where southern valor and northern courage, amid the carnage of battle, cast imperishable glory on American arms. They, too, passed on carrying with them heavy hearts and eyes dimmed with tears over a separation to them final.

Temporarily the remains of Mr. Davis were then consigned to the sacred keeping of the Army of Northern Virginia, of this city, until his revered widow should designate their final resting place.

"Seven cities claimed the honored dead through which the living honored begged his daily bread."

But, not so with Mr. Davis. The love and patriotism of our people were ever true to him in life and in death, in sunshine and in storm. In life the southern states delighted to honor him; in death they vied with each other for the honor of his grave. Every southern state claimed this sacred charge, and we had early hoped this honor would fall to Louisiana—almost his home—to New Orleans, the metropolis of the south and home of the Army of Northern Virginia, where, in the beautiful cemetery, would rise a column to mark the grave of the chief figure of the greatest men of modern history.

Mrs. Davis has, however, designated Richmond, and we relinquish this much desired place of honor in deference to her wishes, and there are many reasons why the family should prefer Richmond.

It is sacred ground to them, for it is hallowed by the grave of their hero. Here, too, was born the beloved daughter of the confederacy and here was passed the most eventful years of their lives. It was here the capital of the confederacy, than which

"No nation rose so white, or fell so free of crime."

Virginians are worthy of this confidence and honor, and will keep the trust with that courtly fidelity for which they are famous.

We are assembled here today not to relate history or to relate the causes leading to the civil war and its political results, but to offer a tribute of love to the memory of Jefferson Davis and perform the last and token of esteem in escorting his remains to their place of final rest. A people who honor their leader, though not crowned with success, are incapable of producing others. When the clamors of the camp-followers, the noisy non-combatants and politicians their noise shall have ceased and the shut doors of disputation shall be closed, it is rapidly doing—and mellowed the heart burnings of the great civil war, then will Americans point to Davis and Lee, Lincoln and Grant and the great leaders on either side, as men of whom a people may be justly proud.

Jefferson Davis has gone into history. No feeble eulogy of mine would add to the lustre of his life. But there is one thing about all others which endears him to his people, and that is the great, strong love he bore to his country, which he left behind him in the storm of defeat. Could the voice hushed in the silence of death speak today it would tell of the love which he bore for his dear old south and its gloom and sorrow, that would soften much of the hatred of his bitter foe; for it is gentle, tender and true. Like a shaft of light it lit up the gloom of his declining years and threw a crown of glory over the last days of his earthly pilgrimage. A love and patriotism which, while treasuring every recollection of the lost cause, was broad and deep enough to rejoice in the unfolding greatness and honor of our united country, and this love was of the south return, and in the fullness of our hearts that love we now give in keeping to Virginia, the mother of presidents, for the Lincoln, south this sacred charge, knowing that they who were so brave and chivalrous in war and loving and noble in peace, will keep his grave forever green.

When the governor had finished his address, which was listened to with profound attention, Vice President Gilmore, of the army of northern Virginia, read the order of Mrs. Davis for the removal of the body and the letter of Mayor Elyson requesting the army of northern Virginia to deliver the body to General Glyn. These orders were made public for the first time today.

Prayer by Rev. A. G. Blackwell.

Then Rev. A. Gordon Blackwell, who had served all through the four years of bitter war and who was a confederate chaplain's hat, came forward and led the audience in prayer, the members of the Davis family standing with the rest of those who were present.

Dr. Blackwell's prayer was as follows: "Revelations xiv, 13: 'And I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, write; blessed are the dead, which die in the Lord from henceforth, yes, saith the spirit, that they may rest from their labors and their works do follow them.'"

"By these gracious words let us pray. Almighty God, with whom do live the spirits of those who depart hence in the Lord, and with whom the souls of the faithful, after they are delivered from the burden of the flesh are in glory and felicity, we give Thee thanks for the good example of this, our late beloved chieftain. Thy servant, who, having finished his course in faith, in death now rests from his labors. Let his soul be ever precious in Thy sight and let Thy holy spirit, with Thine angel, whom Thou didst appoint to his guardian from childhood to old age, and his departure hence into Thy eternal and everlasting kingdom, still watch over his sacred dust as heretofore, first its appointed resting place until the archangel's trumpet shall sound and the graves shall be opened and his body, with all those of Thy saints that were laid at rest in the Lord, shall come to resurrection; and we bless Thy holy name, that through Thy holy name we have the assurance that in Thy kingdom he will be led to the right hand of Thy well-beloved Son and be a recipient of that blessing. He shall pronounce to all who love and fear Thee, saying: 'Come ye blessed children of my Father, receive the kingdom prepared for you from the beginning of the world,' and in the full fruition of hope lay the crown of righteousness upon him which the Lord, the righteous Judge, will give him at that day, and not only to him, but unto all of those who love the Lord. All this we believe for him, our beloved chieftain, and pray that Thou wilt grant, merciful Father, according to our sure promises, our Mediator, our Redeemer, in whose name our Savior taught us to pray, we offer this, our humble petition: 'Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name, Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done, on earth as it

is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread, and forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us, and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil, for Thine is the kingdom and the power and the glory, forever, amen."

When the prayer was concluded sturdy veterans raised the casket from its resting place and bore it out of the hall and down the stairs to the funeral car in waiting amid the strains of dirgeful music.

The Funeral Car.

The funeral car was the same as used on the day of the funeral of Mr. Davis in this city. An immense throng gathered about the funeral car as the body was borne up the steps of an improvised platform covered with black and carefully lifted through one of the windows to a large catafalque draped in heavy folds of black.

The car was built especially for this purpose and the superstructure is almost entirely of glass so that the casket will be visible as the train rushes across the southland to the historic Virginia capital. The interior of the polished car was effectively draped in black, heavy streamers being fastened beneath the rafters supporting the roof. The floral offerings were placed at the head of the casket and they, too, will be visible through the trip. A guard of honor was selected from the escort and was immediately put upon duty and then the public was permitted to pay its respect and to take a last fond farewell of the remains. The procession reached the train at 6 o'clock p. m. and it was nearly 8 o'clock before the party could start.

A large coach, mounted with a canopy of a locomotive and tender, baggage car, an ordinary coach, the funeral car, four sleepers and a private car. The latter will be used by the Davis family and Mayor Elyson, and Miss Davis will not be disturbed in her privacy. Between here and Montgomery are three locomotives with steam in their boilers and all or any of these will be promptly on hand in event of accident.

A large escort of honor, comprising civil and military officers accompanied the remains to the depot.

THE PREPARATIONS AT MONTGOMERY.

It Will Be a Day Memorable in the History of the City.

Montgomery, Ala., May 28.—(Special.)—The Cradle City of the Confederacy is ablaze with life and light tonight. Everything is ready for honoring the memory of Jefferson Davis. Tomorrow morning with the rising of the sun the funeral train from New Orleans will arrive at 8 o'clock.

The hour for the parade to the capitol to start three gallant companies from the Birmingham regiment who have just marched into the city from the depot and a company of more than fifty Cadets from the Alabama college at Auburn will come in on an early train tomorrow morning.

A busy scene of action all day. Men, women and children have crowded its historic halls busy as bees with the work of wreathing fair garlands of flowers to greet the old chieftain tomorrow.

The casket will be placed in the hall of the supreme court and the entire room is gorgeous in its floral beauty. On the wall above the place where the remains of Davis will lie in state the following words have been carved in cedar and mountain laurel: "He suffered for us."

A world of flowers lie banded upon the walls. All around the great white columns have been erected in cedar and mountain laurel from the base to the corinthian crowns of the pillars.

The monument to the confederate dead which stands by the capitol on the same hill, is similarly decorated. Governor Jones will escort the body to the Georgia line after leaving Montgomery. He will go in the general manager's private car, extended to him through the courtesy of the Atlanta and West Point Railroad Company by Colonel Tyler.

THE RECEPTION HERE.

All the City Will Turn Out to Do Mr. Davis Honor.

The mortal remains of ex-President Jefferson Davis will arrive in Atlanta this afternoon at 4 o'clock and the citizens will attempt to pay the last tribute of respect.

He is not conscious of the reverence but the people feel that they are honoring themselves in honoring the departed leader.

When he was old and feeble he delighted to see southern assemblages and speak to them, and so far as he was able he did them by the hand, profusely stroking every forehead he went. The same beautiful sentiment will control today just as in the days gone by.

The train comes from Montgomery, where the body is lying in state this morning. At the union depot here the military, the confederate veterans, the civic societies and organizations will meet the body. There will be there to the stationhouse the casket will be carried on a caisson and it will lie in state at the capitol for three hours and a half. During this time it will be attended by a guard of honor.

The people of the city and the surrounding country will assemble in great numbers to pay this the last mark of respect to the great chieftain of the confederacy.

The picture of how he looked in life will recur to thousands. In his latter days his hair and beard were livery. His tall form was erect, and his eyes always had a brilliant light in them. Mr. Davis had a voice once heard always remembered. Figure, features, carriage and voice will be recalled by many who look on the bier. While it lies in the rounds of the capitol, spectators can pass by the casket and take the last look. An escort is coming from New Orleans but in Atlanta the escort to the statehouse and back to the train will be under the military of the city.

The train leaves here for Richmond over the Richmond and Danville at 8 o'clock. The stay here will be short but it will give ample opportunity for all who desire to see the bier to pass by it.

Miss Winnie Davis, the daughter of the confederacy, comes with the body and the escort but she will remain on the train. The devoted daughter was in Europe when her father died. She is dear to all southerners and especially to Atlantians. She will be called on by many loving friends during the wait here.

The arrangements for the reception of the body here were fully described in yesterday's Constitution.

The Knights of Pythias have been designated as the escort for a magnificent floral representation of "Stacked Arms."

The piece will be borne a carriage, which will precede the caisson bearing the body of Mr. Davis. The knights are called to the wait here.

(Continued on Second Page, Fourth Column)

TO INSTANT DEATH

Were an Aged Minister and His Wife Harried by a Railroad Train.

A TERRIBLE SUNDAY TRAGEDY

Enacted on the Central Railroad Near Milner.

SOME EXCITEMENT AMONG THE PEOPLE.

Who Are Disposed to Think That the Engineer Was to Blame—A Graphic Story of a Horrible Accident.

Milner, Ga., May 28.—(Special.)—The Rev. William Graham, one of the oldest and best known evangelists of Georgia, and his aged wife were dashed into eternity by the Nancy Hanks at 12:36 o'clock today.

The old people were walking along the railroad track, returning from church, and in arm, when the Nancy Hanks, moving at full speed, ran upon them, raising them high in the air and hurled them down a steep embankment to instant death.

It was raining torrents at the time. The old minister and his wife had their umbrellas pulled well down over their heads, thereby diminishing their opportunity of hearing the approaching train. Many of their friends are inclined to charge the train officials with carelessness, but there is no evidence to show that Conductor Cubbage or his engineer were in any way to blame.

The old couple had passed more than the usual time allotted to men in this world, and in their great faith in the word both had followed so many years were quietly and patiently awaiting the summons which came so rudely and unexpectedly. They had just left the church, where the old gentleman had been leading in the services for more than fifty years. He had been doing the work which was the crowning praise in his life, and with the words of praise to his Master yet fresh upon his lips he met the death which comes to all, and beside him when that death came was the good woman who has been his comfort and solace for the last forty years of his life.

Their Last Day on Earth.

The morning was bright and clear, and when the old lady and gentleman arose they thanked their God for the blessings of another day, and after breakfast began making preparations for church. Mr. Graham was a member of the Congregational Methodist, and was one of the founders of that church in Georgia. He began his religious career at the age of eleven years and was at one time early in life an Episcopalian Methodist. In Milner there are two churches, one a Baptist and the other a Methodist. Today there were no services at the Methodist church, and Mr. Graham and wife attended the Baptist church. He has always been not only a devout Christian, but a leader in all religious gatherings. No meeting where he was present was really complete without Mr. Graham's voice. His age and his piety had endeared him to all, and by all he was known as "Uncle Billy."

As the tones of the church bell died away this morning the old couple, arm in arm, walked through the aisle and assumed their seats always given them in the Baptist church. So deep was the love of the people for Mr. and Mrs. Graham that the seats given them were rarely used when he and his wife were at their own church. The church was crowded this morning, and as the pastor, Rev. Mr. Beard, arose and bowed over his congregation he saw the two happy, smiling faces of his old Methodist friends in their usual seats. He got out his text, and while he was preaching a terrible rain began to fall. So fast and so hard did the rain come down upon the church roof that the minister was compelled to pause because he could scarcely be heard. Finally the sermon closed and Rev. Mr. Beard looked at Mr. Graham, saying: "Uncle Billy, please it was."

An Eloquent Appeal It Was.

The rain was coming in torrents and the minister could hardly be heard. The old minister arose, and closing his eyes, turned his face towards the heavens; almost instantly the rain moderated, and Mr. Graham poured out his petition every word could be heard in every section of the church. His prayer was a fervent one, and the strongest, his hearers say, he ever made. In it he begged for the willingness and readiness to do. He begged all present to pray for him and his wife. There was a sadness, a pathos, in his tone, which those who heard him say they never heard before. And now they all declare that it came with a prayer because it was to be the last the old minister was to make; and they say, too, that it was the very best he ever made.

As the congregation began leaving the church, Mr. and Mrs. Graham and Rev. Mr. Beard walked away together. The church is near the railroad track, and a half mile from the home of the old couple, Mr. and Mrs. Graham had an umbrella, and Mr. Beard had another.

The three walked from the church to the railroad track, down which they moved towards the Graham home. Just why they did not be fathomed, but, of the three, only the old couple were walking side by side from the church to the old home, the two ministers and the old lady took one upon which the Nancy Hanks had to run. Mr. and Mrs. Graham walked under one umbrella, while Mr. Beard walked a little in advance under the other.

The Rain Fell Again.

Soon after they left the church, the rain, which had never widely ceased, began to come harder and faster again. It poured down, and the stream ran under their feet between the ties. The party reached the depot, which marked nearly half way Mr. and Mrs. Graham had to come.

Shortly after leaving the depot, Mr. Beard remarked, "Uncle Billy, we'd better hurry up; it's nearly time for the Nancy Hanks."

Mr. Graham took out his watch and, glancing at it said: "No, we have twenty minutes yet, and I can get home in half that time. I'm dry and nimble yet."

By this time the trio had reached a point on the railroad track where Mr. Beard stepped off to go to his home. They were then only a few feet from Mr. Beard's home, and within sight of the Graham

home. One of Mr. Graham's granddaughters was sitting on the porch, watching her venerable grandparents and awaiting their home-coming kiss.

As the two ministers separated, the party paused only for an instant. They had all been talking of the great promise to them in the world to come, and were more loving because their views were of the same tendency. The pause was for a hand-kiss and a "God bless," and as they were exchanged Mr. Beard handed his umbrella to Mrs. Graham, saying: "I have only to cross the road."

As Mrs. Graham spoke, Mr. Beard sprang down the embankment to reach his home. The good lady on the porch awaiting him sprang from her seat, throwing her hands into the air. At the same instant, Mr. Beard heard the whistle of the locomotive and wheeled around.

A Horrible Sight.

It was a terrible sight which met his eyes. Through the blinding rain he saw the bodies of his old friends hurled into the air, and, throughout it all, could plainly hear the applied airbrakes working.

Mr. Beard will never forget that picture, neither will that grinding, sizzling sound ever leave his ears.

The bodies went high in the air, and fell down the embankment on the same side of the road as that Mr. Beard occupied. He rushed to them. One was lying far down the embankment, mangled, torn and bloody, while the other was further up and some fifteen feet away across a water sluice which passes under the railroad. The one, which was bloody, but not badly mangled. The head had been split wide open and the brains were oozing out. Only a glance at the place was needed to realize that both were dead. No one was about except the lady on the porch across the street. She was overcome by the horror of it all and, of course, of no service and Mr. Beard was left alone to leave when a man in overalls and a man in uniform came from the other. The man in overalls was Engineer Wagoner and the man in uniform was Conductor Barney Cubbage.

Conversation at the Church.

Neither of the people had been touched. The two railroad men rushed down the bank to them and a glance convinced both that the old couple were dead. Mr. Beard waited only long enough to see that the dead friends were not alone and then rushed off for help. The rain had detained many at the church and so that place he went. Rushing in he exclaimed: "The train has run over 'Uncle Billy' and his wife and I'm afraid it's killed 'em both.'"

The minister's hurried return, drenched as he was with falling rain created consternation among those in the church, but the terrible intelligence brought was more cheering. Fell meel, better said the rain rushed, while the ladies sank exhausted upon their seats. Who of the entire number did not know Uncle Billy, and what one of them was not aroused by the news? There was a shout and ran the men ran to the point indicated by Mr. Beard. There they saw the two bodies lying upon the track in the piling rain, both stone dead. Near the house the two faithful, patient watchers of the dead, Cubbage and Wagoner, doing silent duty over those who could not watch for themselves.

Finally the ex-chaplain came cool and the train was allowed to leave.

After the train had pulled away the two bodies were placed upon quilts and carried to the home from which the horrible accident had seen the horrible accident. She was there to receive them, but but a happy smile was on her face to receive them. In face and as stiff in form as her dead grandparents, the girl was lying upon the porch from which she had withered out to accident. The old couple were borne into the house and placed upon the bed upon which they slept last night. And then a call was made for Undertaker G. L. Summers, of Barnesville. He came and with him he brought two handsome caskets. The bodies were turned over to the undertaker, and when the friends were admitted to the room all traces of the terrible massacre were hidden. Side by side upon the bed they lay this morning they rested, dressed in their burial shrouds. Both faces were in smiles of happiness and rest. No one who looked upon those faces could doubt that they were enjoying the peace and bliss for which they had striven all their lives. It was a picture no artist in the world could paint, and it came from a home from which hundreds of the friends of the old people looked upon the scene of death this afternoon and tonight.

An Inquest Today.

Torrow morning an inquest will be held by Coroner Halaway and both the engineer and the conductor will be on hand. The indications here now are that a mighty strong attempt will be made to put blame upon the engineer. However, when the accident happened the train was in a driving rain, and the engineer was compelled to close his cab window, which obstructed his vision. The old couple had their umbrellas drawn down, which interfered with their hearing. These two features combined may have caused the accident.

Mr. Graham was one of the most remarkable men in many respects Georgia has ever produced. He was born in Monroe county, and has been a minister of the gospel since he was twenty years of age. He was born in 1813, and was nearly eighty years of age, but was remarkably strong and active. All day Saturday he worked on his farm. He married twice, his first wife being a Miss Axmore, of Virginia. After her death he had twelve children, ten of whom are living, the baby a boy, being now thirty-four years of age and a grand father, too. The two who have passed away, were confederate soldiers. One was killed in the defense of Atlanta and the other died in prison at Rock Island of smallpox. The other ten are married and have in all sixty children. Some of these children are married and have given the minister great-grandchildren. His only son at home today could count his brothers and sisters and their children, but the nearest he could come to the fourth generation was "some where between twelve and twenty."

So it's nearly a hundred of his own descendants who will mourn "Uncle Billy" Graham's death and his funeral will be one of the biggest Pike county has ever had.

E. C. B.

OPEN ALL DAY

And Two Hundred Thousand People Took in the Fair.

MANY OF THE BUILDINGS WERE CLOSED

And "Keep Out" Signs Were Displayed in Various Places

BUT THERE WAS MUCH TO SEE.

And from a Chicago Standpoint the Opening Was a Success—There Was a Sacred Concert by the Bands.

Chicago, May 28.—Two hundred thousand people, after a week of toil, came to the world's fair grounds today and with souls freed from care, drank in inspiring music and feasted their eyes upon the artistic and natural beauties of the White City, while their minds were improved by studying the works of genius and industry. It was the first Sunday opening, and it was a success.

The music during the day, which was of an elevating character, and the bandstands were surrounded by large crowds, which grew enthusiastic over Schubert's serenade, a selection from "Lohengrin," Gounod's sacred song, "There is a Green Hill Far Away," a meditation on Bach's prelude by Gounod; Handel's "Jedaddah" chorus; Wagner's "Hail Bright Abode," the good old hymn "Nearer My God to Thee," and the coronation march from Meyerbeer's "Le Prophet."

The music, which was continued from half-past 1 in the afternoon until 10 o'clock at night, was furnished by Sousa's, and the Chicago and Cincinnati bands.

The doors of fifteen state and territorial buildings were locked for today, and visitors were generally informed to that effect by cards, Missouri, Illinois, New York, Virginia, West Virginia, Pennsylvania, North Dakota, New Hampshire, Rhode Island, New Jersey, Connecticut, Maryland and Massachusetts were among the buildings which the people obtained an outside view of. Canada's flag was flying, but the doors were closed. New South Wales supplemented the "Closed today" sign with the following unnecessary words: "Keep out; this means you." Even at the India building, which is chiefly a private commercial enterprise, the "Closed" sign was hung out. Machinery hall, under whose dome the batharians think the crime of Sabbath-breaking is sheltered, was a remarkably quiet place. Two or three high speed and one big engine—were there for the day to furnish the power necessary to run the fair, and their hum could scarcely be heard 100 feet away.

The officials in Chicago, the government buildings and the battleship Illinois did all in their power to show the thousands of visitors who passed by that Uncle Sam officially did not approve of allowing American citizens or foreigners to view on Sunday the panorama of art and genius or the industrial works of the nations. The painted signs "Closed," which were used originally when the government building was not finished, were placed on the front of the doors and guards were stationed there to keep people from breaking in and disturbing Uncle Sam's peaceful observance of the Sabbath. Even the United States of the building was hauled down from every flagpole on the big domed building. The other structures, which form part of the United States government exhibit, were also closed and visitors were stopped at the entrance to the north pier by the announcement that the model battleship was closed.

The buildings closed because they are yet unfinished were those of Indiana, Vermont, West Virginia, Utah, Kentucky, Texas, Arkansas and Oklahoma.

The saloons and hotel bars down town were practically deserted today. Since the opening of the fair the business has been so rushing on Sundays extra barkeepers were employed in order to attend the extra trade on Sunday. However, today they had little to do.

The council of administration has declared May 31st as "Wheelmen's Day."

AN OLD ECCENTRIC GERMAN

Cuts His Wife's Throat, and Then Sets Fire to His House.

Huntington, Ind., May 28.—Roanoke, a town of about six hundred inhabitants in the northeast corner of this county, is all excitement.

Last midnight it was awakened from its quiet by an alarm of fire. The burning building was a small frame occupied by Christian Habagow and his wife, aged respectively seventy-five and seventy years.

When an entrance was forced the wife was found upon her knees, and her husband was removed and search made for the husband.

The trap door leading to the garret was blocked and entrance was impossible, as that part of the building was on fire.

When the roof fell in the charred body of the husband was seen upon the garret floor. The evidence brought out by the inquest today was to the effect that Habagow was very eccentric and peculiar and was subject to fits of insanity. At such times he was a terror to the neighbors, and he was known to keep two revolvers, two muskets and knives about the house and had exhibited them when it did not please him to have the neighbors call. He threatened them with bodily injury or destruction of their property if they interfered with any of his affairs.

For several weeks Mrs. Habagow has been in feeble health and he would permit no one to see her, not allowing even a physician to attend her. He was in one of his spells again Saturday and he was heard to say that upon the death of his wife he would shoot himself. Circumstances point to the conclusion that he cut his wife's throat, set the house on fire and took his own life. He was seen grinding a large knife the evening before the tragedy. Such a knife fell from the garret with his body.

He was a native of Germany and had no nearer relatives than two sons, who were never taken into the family. He was found nearly \$200 in gold and silver. It was secreted in jars in a hole under the house. It is supposed that a large sum of paper money was consumed.

THE SON OF CHAPLAIN MILBURN

Committed Suicide by Cutting His Throat in a Chicago Hotel.

Chicago, May 28.—F. H. Milburn committed suicide today by cutting his throat with a razor. The evidence brought out by the inquest today was to the effect that Milburn was very eccentric and peculiar and was subject to fits of insanity. At such times he was a terror to the neighbors, and he was known to keep two revolvers, two muskets and knives about the house and had exhibited them when it did not please him to have the neighbors call. He threatened them with bodily injury or destruction of their property if they interfered with any of his affairs.

For several weeks Mrs. Habagow has been in feeble health and he would permit no one to see her, not allowing even a physician to attend her. He was in one of his spells again Saturday and he was heard to say that upon the death of his wife he would shoot himself. Circumstances point to the conclusion that he cut his wife's throat, set the house on fire and took his own life. He was seen grinding a large knife the evening before the tragedy. Such a knife fell from the garret with his body.

He was a native of Germany and had no nearer relatives than two sons, who were never taken into the family. He was found nearly \$200 in gold and silver. It was secreted in jars in a hole under the house. It is supposed that a large sum of paper money was consumed.

Wedding Invitations.

Artistically and promptly engraved. All work done in our own establishment in this city. Send for our estimates and samples.

J. P. STEVENS & BRO.,
JEWELERS,
47 WHITEHALL STREET.

four aces beats

everything—our "four aces" whisky likewise beats everything: a fine old pennsylvania rye. have you tried it? no trouble to convince you.

bluthenthal & bickart,

"b. & b."

44 and 46, marietta street. Phone, 378.

"canadian club,"

"schlitz milwaukee beer,"

"goulet champagne,"

"old oscar pepper,"

"green label-genuine."

You Are Cordially Invited
To visit our newly fitted-up mantel parlors at 115, 117 and 119 W. Mitchell street, which we have just refurnished and decorated. Sixty different styles of mantels, all made by ourselves here in Atlanta. Everything guaranteed.

MAY MANTEL CO.

STUART'S

Gin and Buchu
THE GREAT REMEDY

All Bladder and Kidney Troubles
Read the testimony of a physician who has thoroughly tested it in an active practice.

I have thoroughly tested STUART'S GIN AND BUCHU, and am convinced that it has great intrinsic worth, and fills a long felt want in medicine. It possesses a delicacy of flavor which renders it agreeable to the most feeble and fastidious taste. It is a good stomachic and a general efficient tonic. In kidney and bladder troubles it has no equal. Both in acute and chronic affections of these organs, its use, in my hands, has given great satisfaction, imparting tone and vigor where loss of vitality or other irregularities exist.

R. A. FONTAINE, M. D.
Sold by all druggists.

Where did you get that fine Carriage? Why, from the Standard Wagon Company, of course.

They lead in style, quality price and variety. House full—trainloads coming. Call early and avoid the rush.

Standard Wagon Co.,
38 and 40 Walton Street.

B. VIGNAUX,
FRENCH RESTAURATEUR.
Restaurant and Ladies' Cafe.

No. 16 Whitehall St. Atlanta, Ga.
OPEN DAY AND NIGHT. Telephone 20
Regular Meals 35 Cents. With Wine 50 Cts

NOTICE.
For the next ten days we will sell
Furniture
Below Cost.
We want more room and must have it.
Call to see us before you buy.
MURPHY BROS.,
70 Peachtree. 67 North Broad.
Atlanta, Ga.

WORLD'S FAIR FREE.

The Constitution's Offer to the Five Popular Citizens of Atlanta.

THEY ARE TO BE CHOSEN BY BALLOT.

And Everybody Has the Right to Vote—How the Contest will Be Run, and Who Are the Candidates.

Of course everybody is going to the world's fair. That goes without saying. But there are all sorts of ways to go, and the best way is to go for nothing.

There are five persons in Atlanta who can go to Chicago without paying a cent for railroad fare or for board.

Who are they?
That is the question for the public to decide.

The Constitution makes the following offer, which will enable five popular people to visit Chicago, for a week, see the great White City and return home without spending a cent for traveling or board while in Chicago.

Here is the way it will be done—
There are in Atlanta
Many firemen,
Many policemen,
Many operatives in Atlanta factories,
Many public school teachers, and
Many commissioned military officers.

But there is just one in each of the above classes who is the most popular of the class, and that one from each class is the one who will get The Constitution's trip for nothing to the world's fair.

Here is the way the contest will be run. At the bottom of this announcement will be found five coupons. Clip out the coupons, write on them the name of your choice for each or any of the five offers, giving the name of each candidate, and mail or send them to The Constitution, addressed to the "Coupon Editor," Constitution, Atlanta, Ga.

You can vote as often as you want, provided each ballot is clipped from The Constitution and filled out properly as directed.

On the 18th of June the ballots will be announced, and the five successful candidates will receive from The Constitution tickets to Chicago and return, and an order on the hotel mentioned for board and lodging for one week.

Here is the chance for your favorite Atlanta policeman, fireman, public school teacher, military officer and operative in an Atlanta factory to see the great fair free of cost.

Every vote counts, and whoever has the most friends will get the trip.

Who is your choice?
The individuals receiving the largest number of votes by noon of the 17th day of June, on which day the contest closes, will receive a pass over the WORLD'S FAIR LINE—the great East Tennessee, Virginia and Georgia, and the Queen and Crescent to Cincinnati, and the choice between the Big Four and Monon to Chicago and the World's Columbian Exposition, on the through route, to be made at 6:35 a. m., and an order on Leland's Hotel Ingram, fireproof, and at the gates of the World's fair grounds, for board and lodging for one week.

Write the name of your choice in each profession plainly. The coupons will appear daily in The Constitution from now until the 15th of June. Clip them out and vote for your favorites.

These ballots, either one or all, can be voted by anybody just as often as they are clipped from the columns of The Constitution.

The ballots can be sent to The Constitution office either singly or collectively. As stated above they can be left with the "Coupon Editor" at the advertising window of the business office of The Constitution, or they can be mailed to the same address. Here are the ballots:

THE MOST POPULAR TEACHER (of Atlanta's Public Schools.)
Teacher.
School.
THE MOST POPULAR OPERATIVE (in Any Atlanta Factory.)
Name of Operative.
What Factory.
THE MOST POPULAR FIREMAN (Of Atlanta Fire Department.)
Fireman.
Company.
THE MOST POPULAR POLICEMAN (Of Atlanta Police Force.)
Policeman.
THE MOST POPULAR MILITARY OFFICER. (Of Any of Atlanta's Companies.)
Officer.
Company.

On the evening of the 17th of June they will be opened and counted and the names of the successful candidates will be announced the next morning.

Now here is a chance to give your favorite teacher, officer, policeman, fireman and operative a delightful ten days' rest from work without the cost of a cent, either to you or to them. All you have to do is to clip out the ballots and vote.

Save up your ballots and see if you can win the contest for your favorites.

You press the button and we do the rest.

There will be serious trouble if you don't overcome those dyspeptic symptoms. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the medicine you need.

Central Property at Auction.
Tuesday, May 30th, at 4 p. m. No. 68 Fairlie, corner James street.
sun-mon
GOODE & BECK.

First Class Edgewood Lots
and cottages at auction Wednesday, May 31st. Now is the time to buy. See Goode & Beck.

Auction Sale Central Property.
No. 68 Fairlie, 11-room, brick, 2-story, slate roof, modern conveniences, corner lot 36x140 feet at auction Tuesday, May 30th, 4 p. m. sun-mon
GOODE & BECK.

If you feel weak and all worn out take BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

EDGEWOOD AVE. THEATRE

Second Week, Commencing Monday, May 29th.
Summer Opera season . . . Balfé's Great Ballad Opera.

The BOHEMIAN GIRL.
Signor Enrico Campobello as Count Arnheim.
Matinees Wednesday and Saturday. Popular prices—10c, 25c, 35c, 50c. No higher.
Next Week—FRANK PIERSON as GIACOMO.

"TO SAVE TIME IS TO LENGTHEN LIFE
DO YOU VALUE LIFE?" THEN USE

SAPOLIO

The Brown & King Supply Company,
ATLANTA, GEORGIA.

SUPPLIES! SUPPLIES! SUPPLIES! SUPPLIES

WROUGHT IRON PIPE,
FITTINGS,
VALVES, INJECTORS,
EJECTORS,
STEAM PUMPS, etc.

Rubber and Leather
Belting,
PACKING HOSE, etc.
Wood Split Pulleys,



Agents for Ledgerwood Hoisting Engines.

SHAFTING,

Hangers, Boxes, etc.,
FACTORY SUPPLIES,
of every description,
IRON and WOOD
WORKING MACHINERY.

Agents for Cameron Steam Pumps.

ATLANTA ELEVATOR CO.,
OFFICE AND WORKS,
Means Street W. and A. R. R.
ATLANTA, GA.

ELEVATORS
WANTED!

The Manhattan Life Insurance Company

Will make good contracts with experienced solicitors for the states of
Virginia, Georgia, North Carolina, South Carolina.

JAMES G. WEST, Manager 33 1-2 Whitehall St. Atlanta, Ga.

JAMES W. ENGLISH, President.
EDWARD A. PRATT, Cashier.

JAMES R. GRAY, Vice President.
JOHN K. OTTLEY, Assistant Cashier.

American Trust & Banking Co.
Capital, \$500,000. Undivided Profits, \$50,000.

LIABILITIES SAME AS NATIONAL BANKS.
DIRECTORS—W. P. Juman, P. H. Harrison, J. D. Turner, Joel Hurt, M. G. Kiser, R. F. Shelden, J. H. Gray, Jas. W. English, Geo. W. Blanton, Philadelphia, Edw. C. Peters, C. C. McNeese, W. A. Russell, Chas. McNeese, W. D. Beattie.

This corporation is also especially authorized to act as trustee for corporations and individuals, to counteract and register bonds, certificates of stock and other securities, and is a legal depository for all classes of trust funds.

SAM'L YOUNG, Pres. M. C. KISER, V. ice Pres. CHAS. RUNNETTE, Cashier.

FIDELITY BANKING AND TRUST COMPANY
CAPITAL STOCK. (Under State Jurisdiction and Supervision.) \$200,000.

This bank is a legal depository for court funds and is authorized to act as Administrator, Guardian, Executor, Trustee, Conservator Assignee and Receiver for Estate Corporation and individuals. Confidential interviews invited with parties contemplating the creation of trusts by will or otherwise. Investment of Trust Funds kept separate from the assets of the bank.

INTEREST PAID ON DEPOSITS.
Exchange bought and sold on the leading cities of the world. Discounts commercial paper. Loans money on approved securities. 5 per cent per annum interest paid on yearly saving deposits. Auxiliary banks furnished free to depositors in saving bank department.

R. F. MADDOX, J. W. RUCKER, J. C. BAGLEY, G. A. NICOLSON,
President, W. L. PEEL, Vice-Presidents, Cashier, Assistant Cashier

Maddox-Rucker Banking Co.
Capital, \$160,000, Charter Liability, \$320,000.

Transact a general Banking Business; approved paper discounted, and loans made on collateral. Will be pleased to meet or correspond with parties changing or opening new accounts; issue interest-bearing certificates of deposit payable on demand, as follows: 3-12 per cent if left 60 days, 4 per cent if left 6 months, 5 per cent if left 12 months.

R. M. FARRAR, President. WILLIAM C. HALE, V. President. J. C. DAYTON, Cash.
Hines, Shubick & Felder, Attorneys.

STATE SAVINGS BANK.
20 DECATUR STREET, CORNER PRYOR.

Capital Stock. . . . \$100,000.00 Undivided Profits. . . . \$7,904.53
LIABILITIES SAME AS NATIONAL BANKS.
Transacts a general banking business. Exchange bought and sold on the principal cities of the United States. Special attention given to collections. Approved paper discounted and loans made on collateral. Interest paid on savings and trust funds at the rate of 5 per cent per annum, provided it remains over sixty days. No interest paid on deposits not to check.

DIRECTORS—R. M. Farrar, William C. Hale, T. J. Felder, H. L. Atwater, C. H. Dayton, T. B. Felder, Jr., J. C. Dayton.

The Alaska Refrigerator
Is No Doubtful Experiment.

It has stood the test of years and becomes more popular every season. Thousands now in daily use prove the truth of our claims, that the "ALASKA" is the best refrigerator in the world.

They are perfect in principle and construction.

Economical in the use of
Ice. Satisfactory in
all Results.

The air in the provision chamber is
ALWAYS COLD.

Absolutely Pure and "Dry
as a Bone."

"ALASKAS" are stronger and more durable than other makes.
They "will not fall to pieces" after the first season's use.

There are more "Alaskas" in Georgia today than all other refrigerators combined and every single one pleases the owner.

This is the record! Come and see!
DOBBS, WEY & CO.
Sole Agents, . . . 41 Peachtree St.

Registration Notice.
Books for the registration of voters for the election ordered on the 12th of June will be opened at council chamber, West End, on the 28th of May at 7 o'clock a. m. and remain open till 5 o'clock p. m. and continue open for ten days. Open 28th of May; close 6th of June.
J. A. CALDWELL, Registrar.
may 28, 27, 26, 25, 24, 23, 22, 21, 20, 19.

If An Agent Comes
To you to sell trees or plants of any sort tell him your Home Nursery has everything you need of better quality and for less money than he offers. If you don't believe this call on us.
808 Equitable building.

HAVEN'T BOUGHT YOUR SPRING SUIT?

Maybe 'tis well you have not. You get the benefit of those new additions to our stock, just received, in nobby Cheviot Sack and Cutaway Suits. They are entirely new in patterns and cut to perfection. Don't fail to see them. Straw Hats! Immense stock!

HIRSCH BROS., 44 Whitehall St.

SCIPLE SONS,
Fire Brick, Lime, Fire Clay, Chimney Tops, Sewer Pipe, Plaster Paris, Plastering Hair.
Office, No. 6 LLOYD STREET, ATLANTA, GA.

R. O. CAMPBELL
MONTEVALLO AND JELICO. CAR LOTS AT MINE PRICES.
Yards: Magnolia Street and E. T., Va. and Ga. R. R.
TELEPHONE 394. ATLANTA, GA.

A WEEK OF BARGAINS

—IN FINE—

FURNITURE.

1,000 beautiful chamber, parlor and dining room suits, leather couches, easy chairs, book cases, hat-racks, folding beds, sideboards, tables, leather chairs, china closets, office and library desks, fancy rockers, white and gold goods. The best \$25, \$35, \$50 parlor suits in America.

The finest stock of Grand Rapids' furniture in the south. \$35 cheval suits cut to \$18, \$25 oak suits only \$15, 300 lawn settees only \$1.25. The best \$100, \$150 and \$200 parlor suits on earth.

See these bargains next week.

P. H. Snook & Son.

EISEMAN BROS.

Our Trade Movement.

Without much noise being made about it, the store has become the most active retail place in town. Its very enthusiasm, its vitality, its great merchandising spirit is simply wonderful. Weak methods cannot create strong commercial reputations. Our trade principles are right, and our clothing renown is universal.

Men's Spring Suits.

No matter how little the price, the style and fit of the Suit have the best thought we can give them. See it in the \$12 line or in the \$12 range. Homespuns in neat checks and stripes. At \$13.50 and \$15 the takingest stuffs you will find anywhere at the prices. Our Men's Suits—Beginning with the opening season as the greatest stock in any store, so it keeps on to the end, still the greatest. The prices electrify sales. Our distribution is not a galvanized spasm. It is a continuing circuit—forceful, bright, electric.

Tailoring Department.

We mean that no one, anywhere, shall have a better assortment of Suitings and Trouserings; we think that no one anywhere has so good a line. The best that can be had is the first aim, at the least possible cost to you is the second try. The markets of all the earth are open to us; we choose from wherever you can be best served. Our cutter is scientific and artistic. His productions possess the indescribable charms of tone, grace and style. Every garment warranted to fit perfectly and hang correctly.

A Hat Hint.

Soft, Derby or Straw—we have them in unrivalled variety at prices unprecedented for cheapness.

EISEMAN BROS.

15-17 Whitehall Street.